TRUE AMERICAN.

P. B. CONN, PUBLISHER
CORNER MARKET AND 4TH

$2 PER ANNUM
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

A Weekly Journal, Devoted to American Interests, Literature, Science, and General Intelligence.

Z. RAGAN, Editor and Proprietor. STEUBENVILLE, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1855. VOLUME I.—NUMBER 28.

Poetry.

Watch, Watch, Mother.

Mother! watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall,
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs.
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay,
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue,
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said, and what is sung,
By thy happy, joyous child.
Catch the word whilst yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Savior's name.

Mother! watch the little heart
Breathing soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true,
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

Select Tale.

From the Waverley Magazine.

THE FOUNDLING;

—OR—

LEAVES FROM MEMORY'S TABLETS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

[CONCLUDED.]

After a protracted absence she returned, apparently highly elated. Rosalie plied her needle nervously, and her heart beat quick and fast.

"What do you think, Euphrasia?" said Mrs. St. Eustace, "there is a man below who wishes to take Rosalie to live with him away in the country, somewhere; and he says he wil pay me for what expense her work has not compensated for. Now, what had I best do? Mr. St. Eustace allows me to do with servants as I choose; and Rosalie is such a fretful, crying thing, and besides," she added, approaching close to her sister, "you know how immensely interested Reginald was in her; and she *is* handsome, and almost fourteen!"

"Let her go, by all means, Harriet; *pauvre enfant!* she will be better off, and Reginald will not quiz us so unmercifully about her."

Rosalie wept for joy, when Mrs. St. Eustace told her to put on her best gown and bonnet and prepare to leave the house forever. In a few moments she was ready, and seated in the pretty chaise with Mr. Ellsworth, who patted her kindly on the head, and called her 'daughter' so tenderly that she bowed her head upon his arm and wept unrestrainedly.

"Poor little girl!" said Mr. Ellsworth, drawing her closer to him, "do not weep; I will be a father to you, and I am carrying you to one who will be your mother; and you shall go to school, and play with the girls, and whenever you wish to ride, the chaise and white pony are at your service."

Rosalie's eyes spoke the thanks her lips were powerless to utter. Never, in her whole life, had she been so happy as through that long, sunshiny day, while riding along with the kind old farmer, close to the deep, winding river, and in view of the green-hilled pastures, where the brown oxen and spotted cows stood lazily browsing the luxuriant herbage. Unsophisticated little Rosalie! this was a novel spectacle to her, and good farmer Ellsworth's big heart was full of joy, as he witnessed her delight at a flock of snow white ducks paddling in a clear pool by the wayside.

Rosalie's brightest dreams were realized, when they came in sight of a brown cottage farm-house with its red sheds, and the white martin-house on the long barn, and the moss-decked well-curb with its long, picturesque 'sweep,' and the identical "old oaken bucket," (as Rosalie thought) attached. While flocks of tiny speckled chickens came flying to meet them, and a little white kitten came purring around Rosalie, as Mr. Ellsworth lifted her from the chaise. The vine-wreathed door of the house opened, and a matronly woman hastened forward.

"This lady will be your mother, my dear," said Mr. Ellsworth, leading Rosalie toward her. In a moment the little wanderer was folded in the great, soft motherly arms, and a warm kiss was pressed on her flushed cheek. Rosalie had nothing left to ask for. Often has she told me of that scene, while the tears of joy moistened her eyes, and flushed her glowing cheeks.

She was led into the house by her new mother, and there, on the pretty chintz lounge by the window, sat Reginald St. Eustace, smiling in the blessed consciousness of having done a good action. Oh, my friend, the feeling that we have softened the thorns on the pathway of some one, smoothed the cares from some suffering brow, or made some opressed heart to sing with joy—oh 'tis better than aught else the world can give! 'Tis the effluence of the smile of an approving God, and I would not exchange it for the incense of the whole world! But I am wandering; pardon me, and I will return.

"Well, my gentle Rosalie, have you no word for me?" asked Reginald playfully, drawing her to a seat by his side, and removing her coarse bonnet. "Do you like the country as well as ever, and did you see the green trees and birds that you used to dream about?"

"Oh! Mr. St. Eustace," she exclaimed, "I never was so happy, no not even in my dreams! Ah! sir, is it not a delightful thing to be happy?"

"It is, indeed, my child," murmured St. Eustace, as he gazed almost sadly into the radiant face of the happy girl; and he sighed as he thought of his own isolated existence; though admired and flattered by all, yet alone in spirit; and travelling on through life in loneliness of heart!

A pretty little chamber close to that of Mr. and Mrs Ellsworth was appropriated to Rosalie, and a clean bed, with nice cool sheets, and such a spotless white counterpaine; and then, the muslin curtains, and the fragrant sweet briar that almost veiled the window: and then, without, the spreading waters of the silvery river, with the willows bending so lovingly over it, and the tall blue mountains beyond—all, all seemed like enchantment to Rosalie, and she threw her arms around Mrs. Ellsworth's neck, and asked again and again if it were not a dream?

St. Eustace left that evening, saying he would come again soon; and as he bid Rosalie 'good bye,' tears trembled on her dark lashes as she said, "God-bless you, sir; you do not know how full of joy you have made me."

When Reginald St. Eustace laid his head on the pillow in the little village tavern, he too dreamed—and loving eyes were smiling upon him, and that low, sweet voice murmured, God bless you!

Thus was Rosalie Moreton brought among us, and so trusting and confiding was her whole nature, that ere she had been an inmate of Farmer Ellsworth's cottage one week, she had gained the heart of every maiden in the vicinity. My father's dwelling was next that of Mr. Ellsworth, and Rosalie and I were soon warm friends. Sweet girl! it was an inexpressible pleasure to love her. How many times has she laid her head on my breast, and in the calm twilight told me all her wild yearnings to be loved, and then in eloquent earnestness she would speak of the great goodness of Reginald St. Eustace, and implore the blessings of Heaven upon him. Ah! gentle Rosalie, early did thy friend read the secret of thy soul; yes, young as thou wast thy heart had been given to the keeping of another—*unasked!*

In all the neighborhood there was not a lovelier maiden than Rosalie Ellsworth, as she was now called, and her adopted parents loved her almost to distraction. All the little treasures which had belonged to their lost daughter were given to her, and she regarded every article, however trifling, as a gem of inestimable worth.

There was not in the school a single pupil who learned so readily as Rosalie, and in one year from the time she came among us, she entered the highest English class in the Village Academy. There she gained the warmest affections of all; even the difinified old professor's melancholy phiz, brightened when listening to Rosalie's recitations of *amo, amas, amat, &c.*

Reginald St. Eustace came occasionally to the cottage Farm-House, and his visits were holidays to the happy Rosalie. She would sing him her sweetest songs, and play on the guitar which had been Mary Ellsworth's, and delightedly tell him how far she had advanced in her studies; and then, the worthy report of her behavior was shown; and Reginald was pleased to observe that, throughout, 'perfect,' was the word written.

When I first looked upon Reginald St. Eustace, I felt no wonder that my gentle friend should love him. A nobler looking man I have never seen. He inspired me at once with a feeling of admiration, such as I rarely feel for any human being.

Time rolled on. When Rosalie was seventeen, she graduated at Prof. Stillington's Academy, with the full honors of the Institution. About this time, our aged pastor died, and then came to our village a pale, intellectual looking young man, who was to supply his place in the sacred desk, and in the heart of his people. Ernest De Verrian was one well calculated for the hallowed calling he had chosen. Words of the most glowing eloquence fell from his lips, and his dark, piercing eyes seemed lit with a fire from on high. No wonder that the affections of his people clung to him with a magnetic tenacity, that not even the foul shafts of slander could have severed. He had not been long with us, before it was whispered that the young clergyman had taken a deep interest in Rosalie Ellsworth; and *on dit* made free to assert that the lovely bachelor-parsonage would not be long without a mistress. Reginald came less frequently to the cottage, but the young pastor became a constant visitor.

One day Rosalie came to me, and asked me to walk with her, saying she had something to communicate to me. I fancied that her cheek was paler, and her tone less buoyant than usual, but I made no remarks on it, and we walked on in silence, until we reached the deep dell below the cascade, known as the 'Haunted Dell.' I sat down, in silence, and Rosalie threw herself down on the mossy seat beside me, and burying her face in my dress, she exclaimed,

"Oh, Clara, I have never been so wretched since I left my city prison, as I am at this moment!"

I knew how ineffectual it is to attempt to console grief with words, so I only drew her closer toward me, and wept in sympathy. It was a long, long time before she raised her head, and then she said, looking fixedly into my face—

"Ernest De Verrian loves me—has offered me his hand in marriage." I manifested no surprise, and she went on, "He is good and noble, and I respect and esteem him, oh! so much. I am almost enraptured with his eloquence, but I do not feel that deep, quiet affection which I have so often dreamed of bestowing on the being I should take to my heart, and call by the holy name of husband. I cannot account for it, but I feel the most unutterable aversion to becoming his!"

"Then why accept him?" I asked calmly.

"Alas, my friend, I have no other course left. Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth desire it, and I can refuse nothing they ask. I vowed before high Heaven, when they took me from a living tomb to their home, to their confidence and love, that if, in after years, they should require anything of me, be the sacrifice ever so great, it should be done. The time has now come: Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth love Ernest De Verrian as their own son, and they have informed me of their desire that I should become his wife, I feel warm gratitude toward Mr. De Verrian, for condescending to offer himself to one whose birth is wrapped in obscurity; one who may, perchance, be the offspring of sin and shame! In three short weeks, so they have arranged it, I am to become Mrs. De Verrian. Oh! there is agony—bitter, burning agony in the thought! I shall make him an unloving wife! My very soul rebels at the idea of being *his* wife—it seems a sin, a crime; but because I realize how much purer and holier he is than I—perhaps—alas! I know not what to attribute it to."

Ah! gentle Rosalie, in a few words the reason could have been told, thou lovest Reginald St. Eustace.

All was preparation at the little cottage farm-house. Mr. De Verrian looked radiant with happiness—a deeper color flushed his cheeks, and a brighter light shone in his lustrous eyes. It was plain to see that he almost idolised his *fiancee;* his eyes followed her full of love, and when he addressed her, his voice sunk to the low, thrilling cadence of tenderness.

The wealth of Mr. De Verrian warranted the splendor which was to celebrate the joyous event, and the old farm-house bloomed like a palace under the costly decorations. Rosalie moved about pale as a spectre,, and her wandering eyes told to me plainly the tale of her suffering. By others this unnatural calmness, this dread dispair, was deemed only the natural soberness arising from the realization of the responsibility she was so soon to take upon herself, as the wife of our Village Pastor.

Tuesday before the Sabbath appointed for the wedding, Reginald came by invitation to the cottage, to remain until after the marriage. I stood by Rosalie's side when he came forward to greet her. A deep shade of sadness sat on his brow, and his cheek was pale and wan. My heart leaped wildly, for the thought flashed across my mind, for the first time, that the all-absorbing passion of Rosalie was returned! Calmly and courteously he extended his congratulations, and calmly were they received; not a nerve trembled, not a sigh broke from either proud heart.

Since the preparations for the wedding had commenced, I had been most of the time at the cottage. Rosalie did not wish me to leave her; and, when at night she lay in my arms and wept until the dawn; I earnestly prayed God to avert the impending destruction.

One delightful evening the gentlemen were walking in the grove behind the house, and Rosalie and I sat on the piazza, in the clear, cold moonlight. She drew from her bosom the locket found upon her at the time of her abandonment, and touching the spring she held it toward me and asked,—

"Do you see any resemblance between this miniature and myself?"

"Why, Rosalie," I replied, "have I not often told you that it is an excellent likeness of you, as you will appear some fifteen or twenty years hence? The lady, Rosalie, must have been your mother."

At this moment the gentlemen approached; "Well ladies," said Mr. De Varrian, gaily, advancing to the side of Rosalie, "what are you disputing about, now?—a miniature as I live! really, I don't know but I shall be a little jealous if you do not favor me with a view."

Rosalie sighed sadly, and held it towards him as she said—

"It was found upon me when an infant.'

One look De Verrian cast upon it, and he staggered back against a pillar, pale as ashes!

"Merciful Heavens! Rosalie," he exclaimed, "for the love of God tell me quickly how you came by this?"

"You are aware, I believe, Mr. De Verrian, that I am a foundling—that I was left at the door of a dwelling in the city of B., when an infant, alone and desolate,' replied Rosalie, and there was a tone of sarcasm in her voice; "this locket, sir, was in the box in which I was laid."

"How long ago was this?" eagerly demanded De Verrian.

"Nearly eighteen years ago, sir; it was late in the month of December, 18—"

De Verrian sprang forward and caught her eagerly in his arms.

"My own blessed, lost sister! Oh, Rosalie, if I have lost a *wife*, I have gained a *sister!* God in Heaven be praised, for directing me hither!" and the usually calm De Verrian wept freely.

In Rosalie's face I read joy, rapturous joy, as her eyes, full of unutterable love, were raised to De Verrian's. But the deep speaking thankfulness that passed over Reginald's face, I shall never forget. Then I felt convinced that he loved her.

When De Verrian was sufficiently composed, he sat down, with an arm around his new-found sister's waist, as if he feared to lose her; and replied to the eager questions which were poured in upon him from all sides.

"To begin at the beginning. My father, our *father*, Rosalie, was of French extraction, though American born. He married a beautiful American girl, of whom that likeness is an excellent resemblance. In the fair city of New Orleans my father purchased a handsome establishment, and located himself in the 'Queen City of the South!' Two children were given him; a son and daughter. Both were idolized, but Blanche, as the younger was called, was loved too well. In the family was a Creole woman who officiated in the capacity of nurse. She was cruel and vindictive when roused to anger, but, in the main, she was obedient and respectful. To her, my little sister Blanche was sometimes entrusted, when it became necessary for my mother to leave her. Cassanna, that was the Creole's name, became seriously offended with my mother for remonstrating with her for 'Sabbath breaking,' but her anger to all appearance, passed quickly away, and the circumstance was forgotten by all. One evening my mother, at the urgent request of my father, accompanied him to a lecture, given by a gentleman of world-wide celebrity; I went with my parents, and Blanche was left at home in the care of Cassanna. When my parents returned home, both Cassanna and the infant were gone; none knew whether! Oh the agony, the wretchedness of those bereaved ones! I will pass it over. Suffice it to say, that the lost infant was sought for in the city, but in vain, no such child had been seen. In a neighboring shipping town it was said that a woman answering to the description of Cassanna had taken passage for Havre, with an infant. My father followed her to Havre, in the next steamer, only to asertain, to his sorrow and disappointment, that instead of Cassanna, she was the wife of a French peasant, and had been visiting her friends in New Orleans. Three long years my father spent in searching for his lost child! At the end of that time he returned home to die! In four short months I was fatherless! My mother's delicate frame sunk under its weight of affliction, and ere the frosts of another winter had fallen, she slept by my father's side, in the grassy churchyard. By her death-couch I vowed to consecrate myself to God; and to the good of my fellow men. Oh! how I have yearned for a sister's love! I have besought God night and day to give me back my lost Blanche! Oh! my sister! now I know why I felt my soul gushed forth in love toward you, the first time I beheld you. If not my wife, darling, you are my own precious sister, Blanche!" and he pressed her again and again to his breast.

Ah! my friend, that was a happy evening to us all. At night, when we retired to rest, I missed Rosalie from my side, and I waited not for her return, for I felt that she was with Reginald St. Eustace.

In the morning, when I awoke, Rosalie lay by my side, and as I met her wakeful eyes, she laid her head blushingly on my arm, and told me that Reginald St. Eustace had said he loved her. Had cherished her image in his inmost soul since the morning he had seen her bending over flowers, fit emblems of her own innocence, in her prison home. What more he told her I know not, for she would confide in me no further; but from smiles and blushes, I inferred that she had not left him hopeless.

With the consent of all parties, it was decided that Reginald St. Eustace and Blanche De Verrian should be united, on the day which had been appointed for the nuptials of Ernest and Rosalie.

It was even so, and two happier beings than Rosalie, or Blanche, as she is now called, and Reginald, I have never seen. But little remains to be told. St. Eustace purchased a lovely villa close to the old farm-house, where his lovely wife had lived so happily, and the noble De Verrian became an inmate of their family.

A word of Euphrasia. She is still in the enjoyment of single blessedness, but there is a wealthy old widower whom she hopes to win, and all her dresses are made with deference to his taste.

Carlyon St. Eustace is in College, but he spends his vacations with 'Uncle Reginald and Aunt Blanche,' and his stately mother is quite anxious to cultivate the alms-house menial.

And now, my friend, I have done. We can do no better than to draw the curtain of silence over their happiness; and thank the Great Giver of good for the benefits bestowed on his unworthy children.

A SOLEMN QUESTION.—Shall female vanity be gratified, while so many are starving? Women, it is for you to say. Will you expend such enormous sums in outside adornment, in princely festivities, in costly trifles, while the wail of the desponding poor goes up to Heaven? We ask the question, how will you answer it here, and at that tribunal where you will be one day called to account for your course in life? God help you to answer it aright.

The great object of man's study are his own nature and destiny, and the nature and providence of God. We study outward nature partly to improve our condition; beyond this temporary purpose. It is interesting chiefly for the light which it throws on the character and purposes of God.

A Story of Colt's Revolvers.

We take the following story from the *South British Advertiser* of May 28th, forwarded to us by a friend in Sandport.—It is worth reading.

An Irishman, formerly well known as one of the choicest spirits in Trinity College, Dublin, but who, owing to the dilapidated fortunes of his ancient family, expatriated himself some few years since, and entered the Turkish army, wrote a letter or rather a journal addressed to a friend, about a year since, of which the following is an extract. It may suffice to state that he was engaged in the Turkish campaign in Asia, and during a severe engagement, was wounded on the heights of Basch-Kadik-Lar. After having described the horrors of the field and his narrow escapes in two or three skirmishes, he gave the detail of his sufferings for a day and two nights, during which he lay exposed among the slain and wounded on the field of battle. The story of the manner of his escape from two plunderers, or camp followers, by means of a revolving pistol is so curious that we make no apology for extracting a somewhat lengthy passage. We commence the narrative, about the middle of the journal: All had for a long time been silent, save occasionally a groan from some poor creature wounded like me, perhaps dying, and the howling of the wolves from the forest skirting the field of battle—pretty sort of wake for a decent Christian Turk, and worse by distances, I can tell you, my dear———, than Pat Houlagan's grandmother's screeches the night we entered her cabin on the moor after the famous day's snipshooting, when they laid him out as they said, "so dacant, wid the plate on his chest, the spalpeen." Well, to return from this digression, I felt how fortunate it was that I lay so near the middle of the plain—a sort of centre dish you see—since otherwise I would have been torn by some savage beast or other, before any one would have been likely to inquire into the precise zoological nature of my decease. I knew very well the next morning I would be rescued, as I could see that the Russians were retiring, their fires being all out this night, and I had just said to myself, "Jack, it is all right, you will be easy and comfortable with your limb elegantly bandaged to-morrow," and I actually tried to whistle 'The Bells of Shandon,' and "Rory O'More," and one or two other tunes to keep up my spirits. It was rather a failure both in execution and intention, I will own. And now for a description which our old friend Charley Lever might do justice to. On a leafless tree near me sat six or seven huge birds of prey, gorged with their horrible repast.—I knew they were not likely to touch me whilst I remained living—I cannot add, lively; but I suddenly saw a figure flitting to and fro, like the ghost of my aunt——, and occasionally stooping as if engaged in some office of mercy, and thereby now and then lost among the broken groups of men, horses, &c., heaped upon the plain, and now and then emerging into the bright light of the moon, as it came forth from behind the dark masses of clouds that occasionally obscured that terrible landscape. "What is it?" says I. Presently, I became aware of the existence of four or five figures similarly employed. At one time I thought they were women, and then priests administering consolation and aid. I thought of the Spanish stories poor Major Atk—he used to tell us. I knew there were monks in Asia, though I could not tell where these came from. Then all kinds of strange thoughts of ghosts and vampires, the very creations of the country I was in, suggested themselves to my imagination. I gazed until I could gaze no longer at their forms, which seemed hardly to approach nearer, and at length contemplating a silvery halo around the moon, which put me in mind of the Cove of Cork and Lucy M'———, the darling. I might have continued thus about half-an hour, when a sound caused me to turn round, and I beheld a sight that filled me with horror. A figure like one of the witches in *Macbeth* was stooping over and grappling with the wounded Russian general, who lay some ten paces distant from me. I could hear every breath and movement of the pair as the veteran struggled with his fiendish assailant. There was a fearful stillness about that deed; for the victim uttered not a word, probably in disdain of his fate. At length he succeeded in holding off her skinny and unsanguined arms, and while doing so uttered a few words in Russian which I could not understand. Finding her task difficult, she gave a hiss like a serpent and presently a male confederate, looking like Burke or Hare clothed for an Adelphi melodrama, such as I have seen in London, stole to her assistance and deliberately passed a long knife into the bosom of the hapless Russian. I heard the sound of it, and the low deep groan that followed. Vainly had I endeavored to shout, in order to scare these fiends from their prey; but my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I was like one under a nightmare. Suddenly the moon dived beneath a cloud. When it came out again, the spoilers of the field of death had finished plundering the Russian general, whose white hair, livid features, and startling eye-balls I could plainly see, and were engaged in dividing or securing the booty. The glittering eyes of the wrinkled Zingara, for such she was, then turned upon me. It was evident from their expression that my turn was at hand. A tumult of thoughts agitated my breast. To die thus, after escaping with life from the events of the week! It was horrible. Already I felt the clutch of those bird-like fingers at my throat. Already I fancied that the butcher-like knife, red from a hundred murders, and warm from the old general's side, slowly passed into my breast. I could offer no resistance.—My left arm was broken—my uncle twisted—my strength utterly gone. I raised myself partly up, as with hideous deliberation, the pair cautiously approached, one on each side. What would I have given at that moment to be heading a "forlorn hope;" to be struggling with the breakers as when lately wrecked on the stormy Caspian; to be standing opposite the best saw-handle shot in the county of Galway; to be hob-nobbing over my father's claret, in my grandfather's house, with the blackguard attorney who ruined us all; to be listening to the unmistakable refusal to marry me of the only girl I loved, or to be arrested by a dirty tailor on the eve of a steeple chase, in which I was the favourite gentleman rider. Don't fancy that I thought of all these things at that time, though I never thought so much in a year as I did in those few moments. The ugly Jewish features of the man approached me with the fascination of a serpent. I twisted myself around to meet the still more fiendish glance of the woman. They neared me. The clutch of the hag is already at my throat. The knife of the man is upraised. Suddenly the cords of speech were loosened, and I screamed—screamed like a horse in the agony of a battle-field. I shall never forget the sound of my own voice in the unearthly cry. The monsters drew back, but it was only to look at each other, and indulge in a chuckle of ghastly merriment. At that instant I thought of something—with my right hand I drew forth my Colt's revolver. I remembered distinctly, during the instant it took to pluck it forth, all the incidents of the two days previous—each time I had fired it, and that there were two charges left when I was shot down from my horse. To snatch it forth—to cock it—to level it—to pull the trigger—was the work of a second. Down went the man, a filthy corpse upon the ground. I remember seeing the shadowy forms of the obscene birds grouped cropful in the solitary tree near me lazily extend their wings as the sharp report rang out. The hag fled a half-a-dozen paces, like a startled ghoul; but she was burdened with spoil, and her foot caught against the very corpse of him whom she had at last assisted to murder. Before she could rise, I had covered her with my pistol. One! two! three! "She has it!" I cried. But it was not fated that she should enjoy the privilege of instant death. She fell wounded and crippled. Her moans and maledictions were horrible. I had, struck her, I believe, in the hip joint.—At length, I conceived the idea of dragging myself from that appalling vicinity; for those two wretches had made the accustomed sights and sounds of the battle-field familiar and endurable by comparison with

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE]